









PAGE FOUR.

## The Daily Courier.

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TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 29, 1916.

## PITTSBURGH RATES FOR CONNELLSVILLE COAL.

It is difficult for any but a railroad traffic official to understand why that neutral zone of freight territory lying between the so-called Pittsburgh and Fairmont freight districts is not entitled to the rates which prevail in these arbitrarily defined territories.

While the Pittsburgh district was presumed to have been defined by a circle described by a 40-mile radius on the city of Pittsburgh as a center, a actually established it forms a figure that has little resemblance to a circle. With knicks, bumps, sharply projecting points and deep indentations the boundaries meander in and out over Western Pennsylvania without rule or reason, at some points extending beyond the theoretical limits of the district and at others, possibly on the opposite bank of a stream, falling far short of it.

It is this vagary of outline that moved the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Clyde Coal Company case to observe that "in formulating the Pittsburgh district the carriers followed no hard and fast rule; they have taken in miles more distant from Pittsburgh than the Clyde and the contour of the district has been materially changed so as to include certain mines and exclude others. The boundary line suggests arbitrary or grotesque figures for which the mind instinctively seeks an explanation and justification."

But it is less a question of irregularity in boundary than a question of right and equity that coal operators whose mines are in the immediate vicinity of the established limits of the district that they are complaining to the Interstate Commerce Commission. About a month ago a decision was rendered which extended the Pittsburgh district to the Meigs mine at Millboro, Washington county, several miles south of Brownsville. Now W. Harry Brown has taken action alleging discrimination against shipments from his Allegheny mine, several miles nearer Brownsville than Meigs, on the Fayette county bank of the Monongahela river, and within a relatively short distance from a mine which already enjoys the advantage of the Pittsburgh rate to the detriment of its nearest neighboring mine.

While the Meigs decision forms a precedent to a certain degree, there is no assurance that a decision in the Allegheny case will also extend the Pittsburgh rate that mine. If it does, there will doubtless be little delay on part of other operators in the Lower Conneltsville district in filing appeals for the general application of the rate to their mines, a right to which they are reasonably, justly and equitably entitled.

The Conneltsville coke operators have hitherto taken little interest in the rates on coal from this district for the reason that practically all their coal has been manufactured into coke and has gone out of the region in that form under the coke tariffs, but the appearance of the by-product demand for coal which is becoming apparent will in a considerable degree furnish for this region the market of freight rates on coal becomes of lively interest, and the discrimination of 15 cents per ton in favor of the Pittsburgh district under the Conneltsville region becomes of much importance.

"BABY WEEK" The interest which the women of Conneltsville are taking in Baby Week indicates that they are preparing to give serious and intelligent attention to a study of reduced infant mortality and other equally important problems relating to child life, which it is the purpose of this institution to provide.

Baby Week is a nation-wide institution or will be from March 4 to 11. It will be fruitful of a broader knowledge and a deeper understanding of the duties of motherhood to the extent that mothers avail themselves of the opportunities that will be afforded. Alive to the mission and functions of the Women's Culture Club has arranged for the observance of the week and has provided a daily program for the occasion.

This is neither elaborate nor lengthy but it is sufficient to provide a good beginning and ought to do much to provide a movement for a more pretentious observance of the week next year.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union invites Scotland to lean upon that organization for moral support. No gallant slinger will feel like refusing such an invitation nevertheless slingers must learn to lean upon themselves.

Safety First seems to have been practised with some regard to consequences in the ultimate coal regions of Western Pennsylvania during 1915. It is a good habit to keep up.

The interest which the Huffs and the Coullers are the coal magnates of the Greensburg and Latrobe districts. This shows that foreign capital does not always pick up all the good things. These are all local capitalists.

The scuffling around the upper strata of state politics is puzzling and worrying the authorities of America and Canada, and well it may.

It is hard to understand why coal miners are willing to take four cents less for machine mining in Indiana and Illinois and demand 6.5 cents more for pit k mining in Western Pennsylvania and Ohio. It looks like rank discrimination.

The hospital usually does the cutting, but sometimes there are preliminary slashes on the outside.

Germany announces that she will treat as warships all vessels armed in any manner, whether "defensively" or "not," and President Wilson concedes that this opens in the question of neutrality again. Not at all. The question has never been closed. Germany has too much at stake to close it.

The German warning seems to have been sufficient to have kept the French liner "Leopold" from sailing London as if Germany's undersea fleet had the Allies water buffeted.

The Thompson plan of liquidation seems to have the approval of the Greene county creditors and they are very careful financiers.

Connellsville's municipal administration has a hard time regulating the hobnob.

## Under the Dome

Special to The Courier, ASHTON, D. C., Feb. 28.

The Republican National Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., today gave out the following statement at its Washington headquarters:

A fundamental and fatal weakness in the present administration has been the assumption on the part of the President and the practical administration on the part of the majority party in Congress that the intelligence, wisdom and patriotism of one man in the White House are superior to the intelligence, wisdom and patriotism of 531 members of Congress, but he has asserted the right to dictate to the members of the majority party, which, when, conceded, practically confers upon him the power to dictate to all.

This is not a new subject, but it is given peculiar emphasis by United States Commissioner of Education Dr. J. F. Clifton, who declares that he "has no sympathy with any scheme of philosophy or education that has a tendency to make mere machines of human beings." This declaration, coming from the schoolmaster at the head of the Educational Bureau of the United States Government, is in such direct contrast with the views expressed by the schoolmaster at the head of the entire Executive Branch of Government that it calls particular attention to the scheme or philosophy of government advocated by the President.

Dr. Clifton "believes in the right of all individuals to be men and women, not machines." A contrary view was expressed by President Wilson in his Indianapolis speech, when he compared the Democrats in Congress to a "team" and himself to the "captain," asserting it to be the duty of the members of the team to obey the signals of the captain.

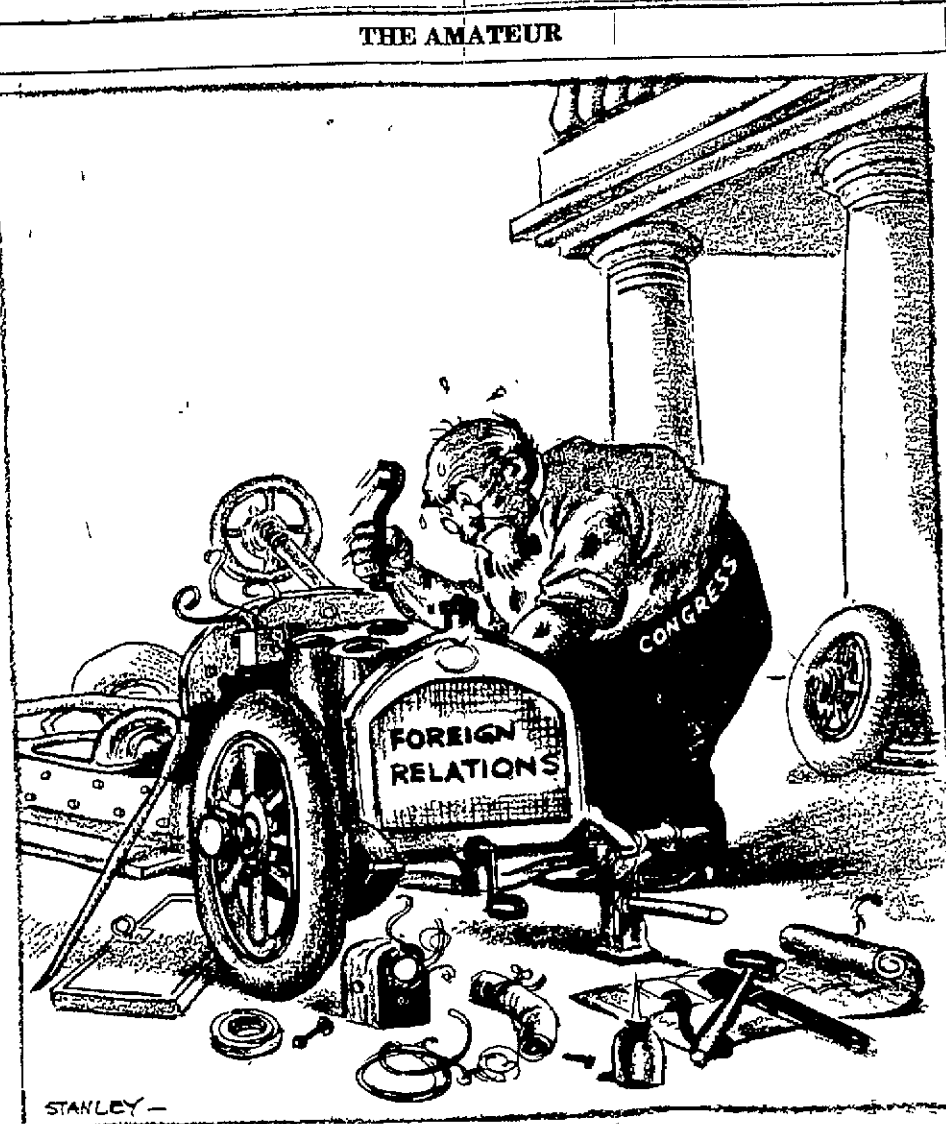
President Wilson not only asserted the right of a captain but has exercised it. He has outlined to certain members of Congress, who are designated and recognized leaders, and the subject of legislation which should be taken up for consideration and action but has outlined to a greater or lesser extent the lines which that legislation should follow, and he has indicated what subjects of legislation should not be taken up. In several important instances he has been saved from the humiliation of bringing misfortune upon the country only by the efforts of a few independent members of Congress, who have courageously acted in defiance of the minority party, who prevented the legislation he desired. This has particular reference to currency legislation, which would have been a failure if enacted in the form in which he proposed it, and the whole purchase bill which certainly would have involved us in war with European countries, if it had been enacted.

There has been some evidence in the past few weeks that Democrats in Congress intend to act upon their own information and judgment. There is some indication that the President has learned the shortcomings and will take counsel with men whose experience and training are far greater than his. In the meantime, we have suffered from three years of bad management because of the state of mind of the chief executive and the country still labors under the handicap and embarrassment of not knowing what changes of executive policy a day or an hour may bring forth.

"One of the best arguments for the Republican Protective Tariff policy has been furnished by the Democratic party," said Representative Charles H. Timberlake of Colorado on the recent action of the Democratic caucus plucking support to the bill for maintaining the present duty on sugar. This proposal to maintain the present sugar tax is an admission by the Democrats of the financial failure of their administration. Confronted by an ever-increasing deficit in the Treasury, and at their wits' end how to meet it, they are forced to recognize Republican principle to prevent a further annual loss of about \$48,000,000 in revenue. Furthermore when the Democratic advocate, Pro-Sugar, they insisted that the price of sugar to the consumer would be reduced in proportion to the reduction in duty. But what are the facts?

The partial reduction in the sugar duty wiped out the cane sugar industry of the United States. It partially destroyed the beet sugar industry and completely blocked the further development of the beet sugar industry in foreign countries. It reduced the annual custom revenues about ten millions. At the same time the price of sugar in America has remained practically the same. In short, this item in the Democratic Tariff law has reduced our revenues, tremendously damaged American industry, added foreign competitors, and has been of no benefit whatever to American consumers.

It is not surprising that individual Democrats in the recent caucus refused to abide by the decision because it was furnishing ammunition to their opponents. The Republican contention has been completely justified.



February 29th

By GEORGE FITCH.

Author of "At Good Old Slawash."

Today is the 29th of February, the shortest day in all the year. It was invented by Pope Gregory three centuries ago in order to take up the slack in the calendar. He discovered that the calendar had been losing time at the rate of one day in every four years, and that, if something wasn't done about it, Christmas would eventually arrive in the dog days, and the world would suffer severely from the heat in December. So he gave every fourth year an extra day and called it Leap Year. As February has been retained since the birth, it was given the new day.

However, even with the extra day, the calendar does not keep even time with the sun. Few people realize how necessary it has been to our civilization that the calendar should be so exact. It is a matter of fact that, if the calendar were not so exact, our business, our social life, our very lives would be in a state of confusion. It is a matter of fact that, if the calendar were not so exact, our business, our social life, our very lives would be in a state of confusion.

The year 1900 was not a leap year, and great suffering resulted. The year 2000 will be a leap year, and so will the year 2100. It is a matter of fact that, if the calendar were not so exact, our business, our social life, our very lives would be in a state of confusion.

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## THE AMATEUR

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# Are You Considering House Repairs This Spring

The Union Supply Company is preparing for the house cleaning and house repairing season. It is always policy to get your painting and papering done early, for several reasons: First, you avoid the big rush that comes late when it is almost impossible to get a mechanic to do your work; Second, you have a better assortment to select from. At the present time every one of our stores have been stocked, or will be stocked within the next week, with large consignments of wall paper, paints, varnishes, etc. The wall paper patterns are the most beautiful we have ever had, and the prices are extremely moderate. It is a good time to make your selection, a good time to have your work done, and the Union Supply Company is the best place to buy this class of merchandise. Just take time to investigate; look at our stocks; satisfy yourself—that it is the best way.

## Union Supply Co.

63 Large Department Stores  
Located in Fayette, Westmoreland and Allegheny Counties.

## We Can Convince Any Man

That the Nettleton Shoes sold at \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00 are the best shoes made and sold at these prices anywhere.

That the Ralston Health Shoes sold at \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 will satisfy and please any man who buys them.

Your size and your style is here.

## HOOPER & LONG

## It's Pay Day, Mr. Dealer

When the manufacturer, whose goods you carry, advertises in this newspaper it's "pay day for the retailers."

The kind of pay day where the money comes in.

It means demand for the goods starting towards your store.

Now, your part is to cash in.

That means take advantage of the business building possibilities of the newspaper advertising.

Show the goods in your window at the time the advertising is running.

## Job Printing

We are here to serve you with anything in the line of printed stationery for your personal and business use.

Letter Heads Bill Heads  
Envelopes Cards  
Wedding Invitations  
Posters or Announcements  
Of All Kinds

The best quality of work at prices that are RIGHT

IRON AND WOODWORKING MACHINERY  
New and second hand. Machine tools, lathes, drills, shapers, planers, grinders, etc. Also, electrical machinery, engines, boilers, etc. Sawmills, etc. Building materials, etc. Everything in machinery and iron work. Write today. RALSTON MACHINERY CO., 123 Water St., Pittsburgh, Pa.









# HOME

## A NOVEL

### GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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To the tabernacle marriage had always been one of the regular functions of a regulated life—part of the general scheme of things. Gerry was slowly realizing that his marriage with Alice was far from a mere function, had little to do with a regular life and was foreign to what he had always considered the general scheme of things.

Red Hill bored Alice and she showed it. The first summer after the marriage they had spent abroad. Now Alice thought and talk turned constantly toward Europe. She even suggested a flying trip for the fall, but Gerry refused to be dragged so far from golf and his club. He stood doggedly to Red Hill till the leaves began to turn, and then consented to move back to town.

On their last night at the Mrs. Lanning, who was complacently Aunt Jane to Wayne and Elton, entertained Red Hill as a whole to dinner. With the arrival of dessert, to Alice's surprise, Aunt Jane said, "Port all around, please, Aunt Jane."

Lanning, Wayne and Elton were heavy drinkers in town, but it was a tradition, as Alice knew, that on Red Hill they dropped it—all but the old captain. It was as though, amid the scenes of their childhood, the old captain of the old school will not light a cigarette in the presence of his father, so they would not take a drink for drink's sake on Red Hill.

So Alice looked on interestedly as the old butler set glasses and started the port. When it had gone the round came stood up, and with her hands on the table's edge, leaned toward them all. For a Wayne, she was very tall. As they looked at her the color swept over her bare neck. Its wave touched her temples and seemed to stir the clustering tendrils of her hair. Her eyes were grave and bright with moisture. Her lips were tremulous.

"We drink to Alice," she said, "today is Alice's birthday."

She sat down. They all raised their glasses. Little Clem had no wine. She put a thin hand on Gerry's arm. "Please, Gerry, please!"

Gerry held down his glass. Clematis slipped in the tip of her little finger, and as they all drank, heavily carried the drop of wine to her lips.

CHAPTER III

An Judge Healey, gray-haired but erect, walked up the avenue his keen glance fell on Gerry Lanning standing across the street before an art dealer's window. Gerry's eyes were fastened on a picture that he had long had in mind for a certain nook in the library of the town house.

It was the anniversary of his wedding, and though it was already late in the afternoon Gerry had not yet chosen his gift for Alice. He turned from the picture with a last look and a shrug and passed on to a jewelry store further up the street.

For many years Judge Healey had been foster-father to Red Hill in general and to Gerry in particular. With almost womanly intuition he read what was in Gerry's mind before the judge crossed the street and bought it. While the judge was still in the picture shop Gerry came out of the jewelry store and started briskly for home. He had purchased a pendant of brilliant, extravagant for his purse but yet saved to good taste by a simple originality in design.

He waited until the dinner hour and then slipped his gift into Alice's hand as they walked down the stairs together. She stopped beneath the hall light. "Can't wait, dear, I simply can't." She snapped open the case.

"Oh!" she gasped. "How dear! How perfectly dear! You old sweetheart!" She kissed her arms around his neck and kissed him twice. Then she drew away to the drawing room in search of Mrs. Lanning and the judge, the sole guests to the little anniversary dinner. Gerry attributed his life and followed.

Alice's tongue was rippling—her whole body was rippling—with excitement and pleasure. She dangled her treasure before their eyes. She laid it against her warm neck and ran to a mirror. The light in her eyes matched the light in the stones. The judge took the jewel and laid it in the palm of his strong hand. It looked in danger of being crushed. "A beautiful thing, Gerry," he said, "and well chosen. Some poet jeweler dreamed that twining design and set the stones while the dew was still on the grass."

After dinner the four gathered in the library, but they were hardly seated when Alice sprang up. Her glance had followed Gerry's started glance. He was staring at the coveted picture he had been looking at in the gallery that afternoon. It hung in the niche in which his thoughts had placed it. Alice took her stand before it. She glanced inquiringly at the others. Mrs. Lanning nodded at the judge. Alice turned back to the picture and gravely stole into her face. Then she faced the judge with a smile.

"We live," she said, "in a Philistine age, don't we? But I've never let any Philistine drive pictures from their right place in the heart. Pictures in art galleries—they shrouded her pretentiousness—I have not been trained up to them. To me, they are mounted butters in a museum, cut slow and crowded at the darts. But this picture and that nook—they have waited for each other. You see the judge's face cleared. 'Didn't he tell you why he drew Walton's pay?'"

"Not a word," said he, "I've been doing some puzzling on this case already. Now will you tell me how Alice got the money without drawing on you?"

"Oh, there was plenty of money lying around. The job cost ten per cent less than Walton's estimate. If he'd come back we'd have hauled him over the coals for the blunder. There was the usual reserve for work in hand, cessable reserves and then the people we did the job for paid ten days bonus for finishing that much ahead of contract time."

The judge was silent for a moment. "You were my adviser?"

"Yes, not for our own sake but for Wayne's."

"Well," said the judge, "I'm going to give it to you for your sake. When you stumble across a boy that can cut ten per cent off your working and time estimates of an old hand like Walton, you bid him to you with a long contract at any salary he wants. And just one thing more: when Alan Wayne steals a cent from you or fifty thousand dollars you come to me and I'll pay it."

McDale's eyes narrowed and he putted nervously at his cigar. He got up to take his leave. "Judge," he said, "your head is on right and your heart is in the right place, as well. I begin to see that widow business. Wayne sized us up for a hard-headed firm when it comes to paying out what we don't have to and we are. It wasn't law, but he was right. Walton's work was done just as he'd been doing. Even a Scotchman can see that. You needn't worry. A man that you'll back for fifty thousand is good enough for McDale & McDale."

CHAPTER IV

It was Alice that discovered Alan as the Fleming steamed slowly down the Solent. He was already comfortably established in his chair with a small pile of fiction beside him.

She paused before she approached him. Alan had thought of him heretofore as a moderate, sensible subject to a little more than one barbershop escapade. Now in London she had by chance heard things of him that forced her to readjustment of her estimate. In six months Alan had turned himself into a mystery.

"Well," she said, coming up behind him, "how are you?"

Alan turned his head slowly and threw off his rug and sprang to his feet.

"The sky is clear," he said, "where did you drop from?" His eyes measured her. She was ravishing in a fur toque and coat which had yet to receive their baptism of import duty.

"I'm here," said Alice, "my presence in London. Just this morning returning from six weeks abroad. But you can come from the haunts of wild beasts and from all accounts you have been sane."

"Been sane? From all accounts?" exclaimed Alan, a puzzled frown on his face. "Just what do you mean?"

"They started walking. I meant that even in Africa one can't hide from the truth. In Piccadilly you are already known. Not as Mr. Alan Wayne, a New York social satellite, but as a whirlwind in shirt sleeves. Ten Percent Wayne, in short." She looked at him with teasing archness. She could see that he was worried.

"Satellite is rather rough," remarked Alan. "I never was that."

"All bachelors are satellites in the nature of things—satellites to other men's wives."

"Have you a vacancy?" said Alan. "They both knew they were embarking on a dangerous game, but Alice played it often. No pretty woman takes her European practice without ample occasion for practice and Alice had been through the European mill. She threw out her daintily shod feet as she walked. She was full of life. She felt like skipping. The light of battle danced merrily in her eyes. She made no other reply."

"I met lots of people we both know," she said, at last.

"Which one of them passed on the news that I had taken to the ways of a wild beast?"

"Oh, that was the Honorable Percy. I only caught a few words. He was telling about a man known as Ten Percent Wayne and the only time he'd ever seen the Honorable Percy was with natives. When I learned you were in Africa, I lunked up with you at once and screamed and he turned to me and

judge slowly, frowning. "What has Alan done now?"

"It's like this," said McDale. "Six months ago we sent Mr. Wayne out on contract as assistant to Walton. Walton no sooner got on the ground than he fell sick. He put Wayne in charge and then he died. Now this is the point. Mr. Wayne seems to have promoted himself to Walton's pay. He had the check to draw his own as well. He won't be here for weeks but his accounts came in today. I want to know if you see any reason why we shouldn't have that money back to say the least."

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"Yes, not for our own sake but for Wayne's."

"Well," said the judge, "I'm going to give it to you for your sake. When you stumble across a boy that can cut ten per cent off your working and time estimates of an old hand like Walton, you bid him to you with a long contract at any salary he wants. And just one thing more: when Alan Wayne steals a cent from you or fifty thousand dollars you come to me and I'll pay it."

McDale's eyes narrowed and he putted nervously at his cigar. He got up to take his leave. "Judge," he said, "your head is on right and your heart is in the right place, as well. I begin to see that widow business. Wayne sized us up for a hard-headed firm when it comes to paying out what we don't have to and we are. It wasn't law, but he was right. Walton's work was done just as he'd been doing. Even a Scotchman can see that. You needn't worry. A man that you'll back for fifty thousand is good enough for McDale & McDale."

CHAPTER IV

It was Alice that discovered Alan as the Fleming steamed slowly down the Solent. He was already comfortably established in his chair with a small pile of fiction beside him.

She paused before she approached him. Alan had thought of him heretofore as a moderate, sensible subject to a little more than one barbershop escapade. Now in London she had by chance heard things of him that forced her to readjustment of her estimate. In six months Alan had turned himself into a mystery.

"Well," she said, coming up behind him, "how are you?"

Alan turned his head slowly and threw off his rug and sprang to his feet.

"The sky is clear," he said, "where did you drop from?" His eyes measured her. She was ravishing in a fur toque and coat which had yet to receive their baptism of import duty.

"I'm here," said Alice, "my presence in London. Just this morning returning from six weeks abroad. But you can come from the haunts of wild beasts and from all accounts you have been sane."

"Been sane? From all accounts?" exclaimed Alan, a puzzled frown on his face. "Just what do you mean?"

"They started walking. I meant that even in Africa one can't hide from the truth. In Piccadilly you are already known. Not as Mr. Alan Wayne, a New York social satellite, but as a whirlwind in shirt sleeves. Ten Percent Wayne, in short." She looked at him with teasing archness. She could see that he was worried.

"Satellite is rather rough," remarked Alan. "I never was that."

"All bachelors are satellites in the nature of things—satellites to other men's wives."

"Have you a vacancy?" said Alan. "They both knew they were embarking on a dangerous game, but Alice played it often. No pretty woman takes her European practice without ample occasion for practice and Alice had been through the European mill. She threw out her daintily shod feet as she walked. She was full of life. She felt like skipping. The light of battle danced merrily in her eyes. She made no other reply."

"I met lots of people we both know," she said, at last.

"Which one of them passed on the news that I had taken to the ways of a wild beast?"

"Oh, that was the Honorable Percy. I only caught a few words. He was telling about a man known as Ten Percent Wayne and the only time he'd ever seen the Honorable Percy was with natives. When I learned you were in Africa, I lunked up with you at once and screamed and he turned to me and

said, 'You know Mr. Wayne?' But just then Lady Marie signaled the retreat, and when the men came out somebody else snatched Collingford before I got a chance."

"Oh, Collingford," said Alan. "I remember." He frowned and was silent.

"Alan," said Alice after a moment, "let me warn you. I see a very tendency in you but before it goes any further than a tendency let me tell you that a thoughtful man is a most awful bore. When I caught sight of you I thought, 'What a delightful little party,' but if you're going to be pensive there are others."

Alan glanced at her. "Alice," he said, mimicking her tone, "I see in you the makings of an altogether charming woman. I'm not speaking of the painstaking veneer—I suppose you need that in your walk of life—but what's under it. There may be others, as you say. Pretty women have taken me for a misanthrope. But don't you make a misanthrope of me. I've just come from the land of real things. To me a man is just a man and, what's more, a woman is just a woman."

"How are you-American?" said Alice. "It's more than that," said Alan. "It's pro-American."

Alice was thoughtful in her turn. Alan caught her by the arm and turned toward the west. A yawl was just crossing the disk of the disappearing sun. Alice felt a thrill at his coolness. "It's a sweet little picture, isn't it?" she said. "But you mustn't touch me, Alan. It can't be good for us."

"So you feel it too," said Alan, and took his hand from her arm.

During the voyage they were much together, not in dark corners but waging their battle in the open—two swimmers that fought each other, forgetting to fight the tide that was bearing them out to sea. Alan was an old philosopher to snatch an unrequited kiss. To him a kiss was the seal on surrender. But to Alice the game was his own. Nobody had ever really won anything. However, it did not take her long to appreciate that in Alan she had an opponent who was constantly getting under her guard and making her feelings—things that were alarming in themselves like the jump of one's heart into the throat or the intoxication that goes with hot, racing blood.

Alan's power over women was in love and words. If he had been blind, it would have been the same. With his tongue he carried Alice away and gave her that sense of loneliness which lulls a woman into laxity. One night as they sat side by side, a single rug across their knees, Alan laid his hand under her cover on hers. A quiver went through Alice's body. Her closed hand stirred nervously but she did not really draw it away. "Alan," she said, "I've told you not to! Please don't. It's common—this sort of thing."

Alan tightened his grip. "You say it's common," he said, "because you've never thought it out. Lightning was common till somebody thought it out. Besides you without touching you and we're in two worlds. I grip your hand—like this—and the abyss between us is closed. While I hold you nothing can come between."

Alice handed opened and settled into his. For a while they sat silent, then she said, "I've been in a desert island but on a ship with eyes in every corner."

Alan leaned toward her. "But if we were alone, if we were on a desert island, would you mind?"

For a moment Alice looked into his burning eyes. She felt that there was fire in her own eyes, too—a fire she could not altogether control. She disengaged herself and sprang up. Alan rose slowly and stood beside her. He did not look at her parted lips and hot

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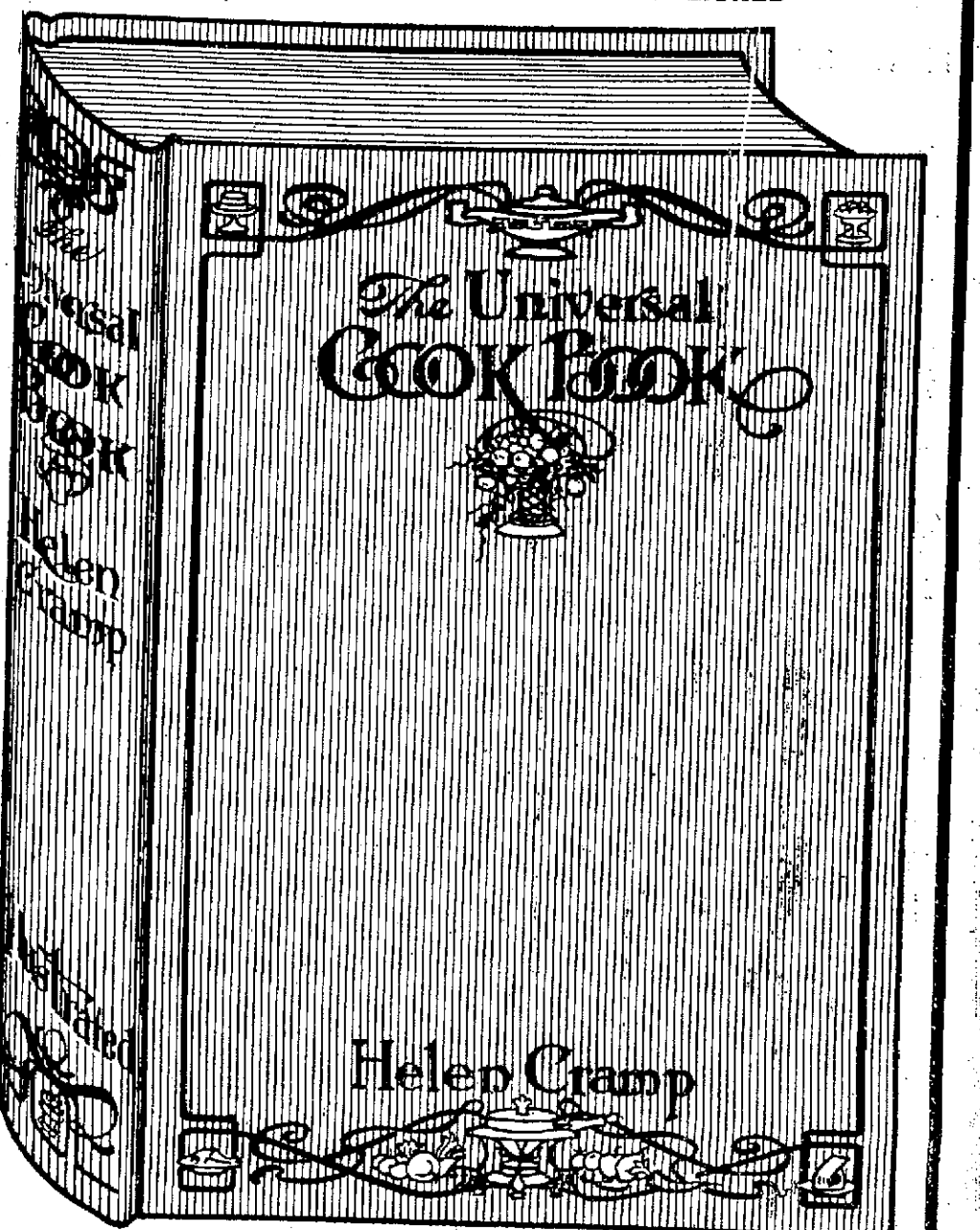
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CHAPTER IV

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Alan felt a trembling in all his limbs. "I want to quit, too, Alice," he said in his low vibrating voice, "but I'm afraid we can't. You see, I'm lunking, too. While I was just in love with your body we were safe enough, but now I'm in love with you. It's the kind of love a man can pay for in vain. No head in it; nothing but heart. Honor and dishonor become mere names. Nothing matters to me but you."

Tears crawled slowly down Alice's cheeks. She stood with her elbows on the rail and faced the ocean so no one might see. Her hands were locked. "I've had her own thoughts were running. Somehow she could understand Alan without listening. It only Gerry and done this thing to her, she was thinking: the pitiless wracking misery would have been joy at white heat. She was unmoved at last—but Gerry had not unmasked her. Not once since the day of their engagement had Gerry unmasked himself.

Alan was standing with his side to the rail, his eyes leaving her face only to keep track of the promenaders so that no officious friend should take her by surprise. He went on talking. "Our judgment is calling to us to quit but it is calling from days ago," he said. "We wouldn't listen then and it's only the echo we hear now. We can try to quit if you like, but when I am alone I shall call for you, and when you are alone you'll call for me. We will always be alone except when we are near each other. We can't break the reason, Alice. It will break in the end."

The slow tears were still crawling down Alice's cheeks. "In all her life she had never suffered so before. She felt that each tear paid the price of all her levity."

"Alan," she said, with a quick glance at him, "did you know when we began that it was going to be like this?"

"No," he answered. "I have trifled with many women and I was ready to trifle with you. No one had ever driven you and I wanted to drive you. I thought I had divorced passion and love. I thought perhaps you had too."

But love is he... I am not driving you. We are being driven." (To Be Continued.)

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Circumstance	Percentage (%)
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